

through the workhouse looking for the man "who sang tenor at the song service." He was not found. The result was the same as when, immediately following the song, they had rushed to the superintendent to know the singer's name. He himself had not located the voice and did not know. They went among the prisoners and asked. No one seemed to know.

A singer like that unknown? A voice that a critic had admiringly asserted would rival a Caruso, was in the workhouse, latent, unrequited and timid beyond measure.

Could it be that a famous songster had fallen?

The critic who had "discovered a voice" would not be satisfied. He imagined a beautiful mystery in the singer's reticence. That he was a prisoner was certain. He had been seen. And he bore the prisoner's label, although groomed for his day of rest. Every man, at his work and in the cells, had been questioned. The singer had, somewhere among them, answered, "I do not know him."

Then—happy thought—he could not be identified because he was grimy and soiled. He might be located another Sunday, when he essayed cleanliness. A singer like that must be cleanly.

So they looked again at prisoner after prisoner and into cell after cell. In the last cell but one a man was reading. They were walking noiselessly and he did not see them. It was a song book he held. Then he looked up, quietly

slipping the book, back-up, on the bunk. He arose and turned to the narrow window's bars. Some one called to him. Apparently he did not hear. They called again. How they wished they had been able to use his name. But how could they know it?

"Step this way—you at the window—we want to speak to you."

He started, as if undecided. They knew he heard. Then very, very slowly and timidly he came to them.

It was the tenor.

"What more do you want?"

It was not like the voice they had anticipated. It was gruff and affected. There was an inflection of distrust. The face had passed out of that beauty—it possessed when he sang. It was marked by inebrity. Yet withal, the external viciousness was pierced by inherited touches of refinement from beneath.

"Where did you get that voice—that tenor?" one asked abruptly.

"Oh, I thought you had another warrant for me—when I get out. Is that all you want? Honest?"

"We have no warrant for you. We do not know anything about you. But we want to know about yourself; about that voice. We've come to help you. That tenor has no place in a workhouse."

"So that's why you watched me? I didn't know. I asked the boys not to let you find me."

"It's that voice—that voice. Tell us, did you ever sing in opera?" a critic put in.